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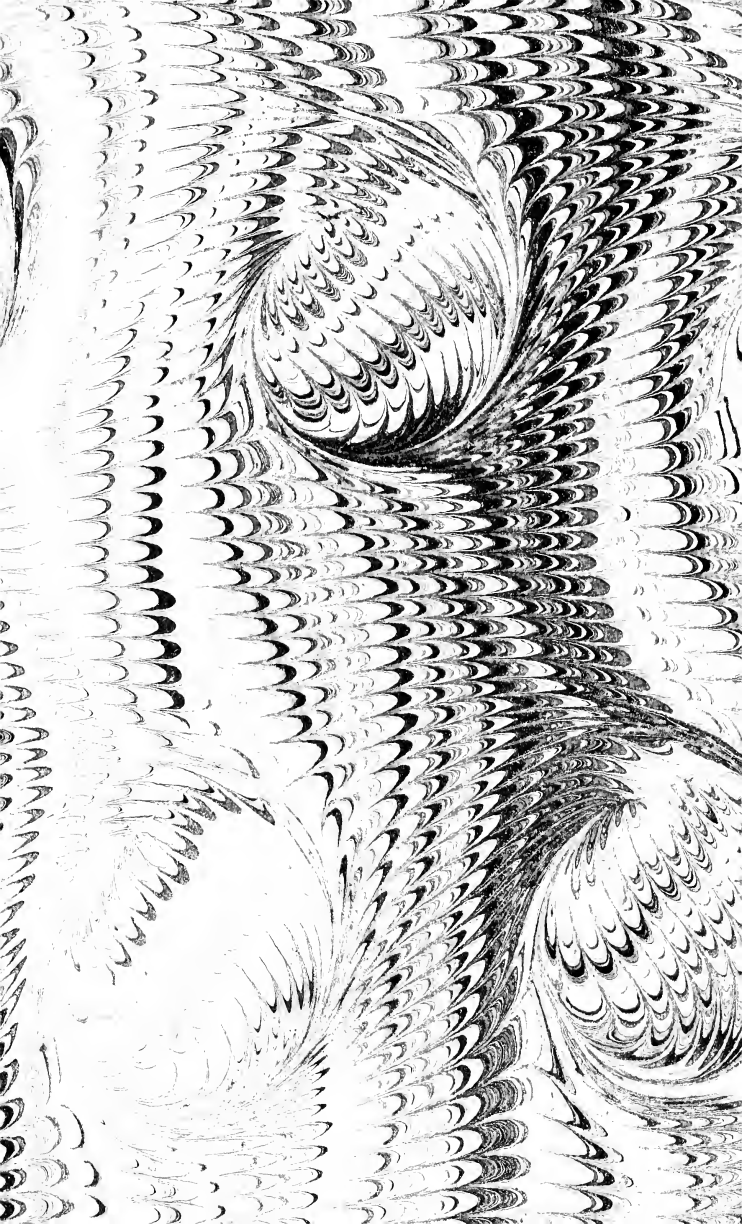


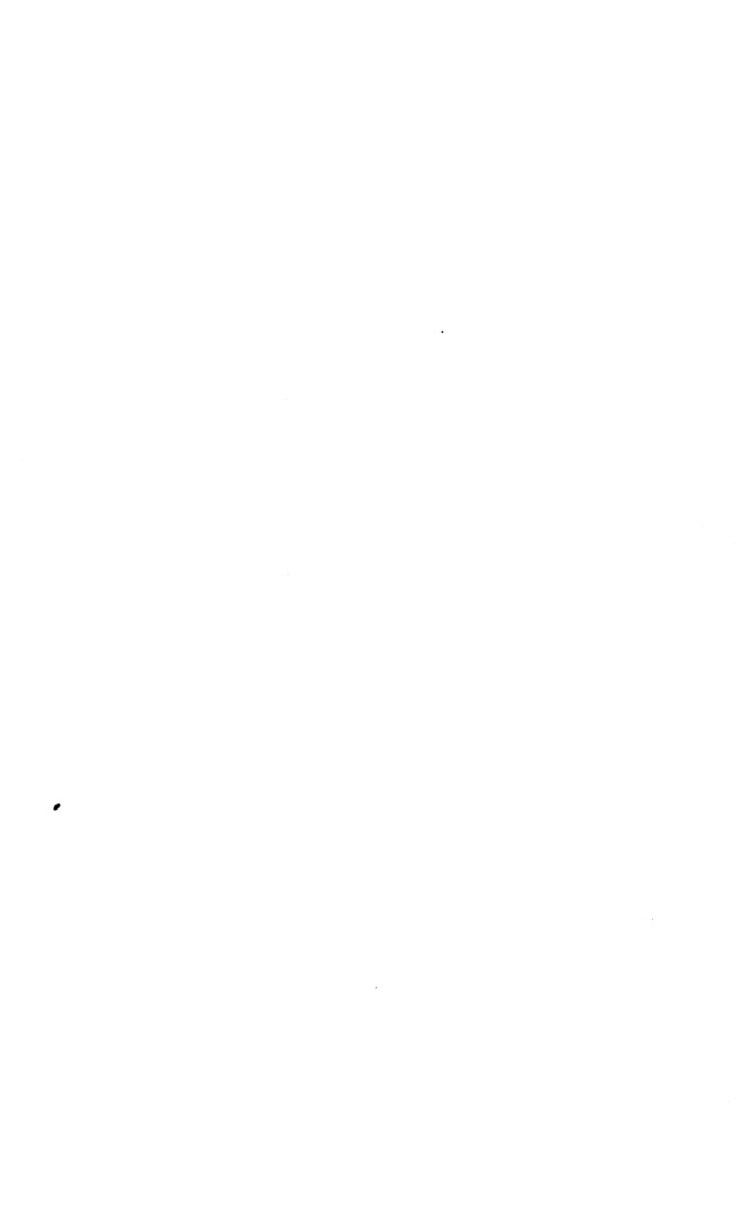


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PALMETTO PICTURES.

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GRAY

15

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1863.

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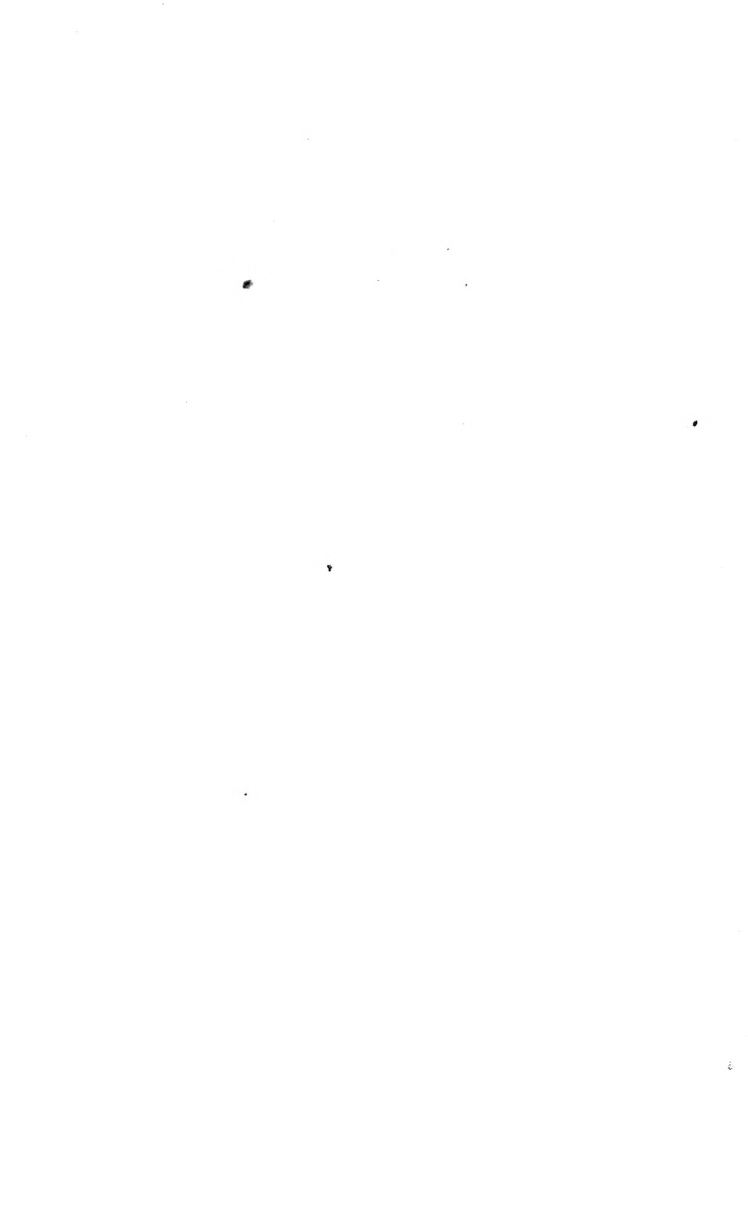
J. H. TOBITT, Printer 1 Franklin-square, N. Y.

TO
M Y C L A S S ,

'57, ,

A T Y A L E ,

This Year Assembling.



WHAT shall I do ? I cannot find a book :

My only literature a "muster-roll."

I cannot conjure up, ever so droll,

An Ariel in Beaufort, or my crook,

No Prospero's, or else the Isle's forsook

By all but Calibans, as black as coal.

What shall I do ? what shall I do ?—alone.

For all my freedom but the more confined,

O, how myself unto myself atone.

How make myself unto myself resigned ?

By homœopathic treatment of the mind ?

I have it. Want a book ? I'll write mine own,

Ad nauseam, to grow content with none.



“It was a place
Chos’n by the Sovran Planter.”

PARADISE LOST

BEAUTIFUL LAND, where the bountiful sun
 Blesses the bond of savannah and sea,
Neither so lovely till blended in one
 Each to the other shall complement be,
Magical dews that the tropical day
 Kisses to rapturous odor and hue,
Myrtle and laurel and orange and bay,
 Purple and emerald, golden and blue.

Yonder indigenous endogens wave
 Banner-like blades on a mystical bole,
And, with a vigor perennial, brave
 Boreal blasts from the alien pole,
Over the plaited palmettos, abroad
 Browned like Briareus, century-old,
Grimly magnificent evergreen god
 Realm of the greenwood the live-oak doth
 hold.

Tempests the thunderous foliage toss,
 Locks of the Deity wizard and hoar,
 Awfully sighs the oracular moss,
 Art thou incarnate Dodona of yore?
 Dead generations rejoiced at thy birth,
 Peoples have flourished to power with thee,
 Cities have leaped from thy generous girth,
 Art of the shore and the ark of the sea.

O these soft Isles of the summery sea!
 Angels their daintiest prisms composing,
 Turn the kaleidoscope watching with glee,
 Every moment new glories disclosing.
 Land of the Beautiful, Bountiful Land!
 Sweet is the blossom, but sweeter the boon,
 Flowers are bright and their odors are bland,
 O but the *fruits* of the tropical noon!

And the delirious chorusses—hush!
 Mockingbird, whippoorwill, nonpareil,
 Nightingale, killdeer, and passionate thrush,
 Fringed by the petrel's tempestuous peal?

Tribes of the sea, how ye cherish these shores,
 Meeting in wild multitudinous play,
 Muscles rejoice in the succulent pores,
 Crabs and soft shrimps, Epicurean prey.

What do the elves of the sun and the sea,
 Cunningly comb from the glistening sands?
 Is it the fleece of a sorcery
 Wierder than wildered the Argonaut bands?
 Magical mesh, to entangle a world—
 Commerce, religion, philosophy, art,
 Liberty, peace, from their pedestal hurled—
Cotton, the tyrant of manor and mart.

Ominous plant! thou shalt never again,
 Ghost of the tears and the blood of the slave,
 Phantom of knout-welted corpses of men,
 Stalk like a ghoul, with the gust of the grave,
 For there's a judgment, wherever hath trod
 Blistering foot of the bondman, and earth
 Gapes to develope the vengeance of God,
 Ruin and rapine, and ravage and dearth.

This is the Land of divinest Delight,
Riches of rapture in every ray,
Gold of the morning and amber of night—
Passionate peace, nought to take it away.
This is the Land, that the Serpent of Sin
Seeks to beguile of a generous God,
This is the Land that His servants shall win—
Liberty's Eden from Slavery's rod.

My Photographic Album, where I place
At leisure and at random, scene or face,
Without connexion ; you may look it through
Whenever you have nothing else to do.

Faithful at least, and independent, free
From artist, vanity or flattery.
It is no sketch-book, therefore claims no skill.
A lens, a liquid, paper, light at will
Leave Nature's chemic forces, unconstrained
To follow her own fancy, self-contained.
So you may find—your microscopic eyes—
More than my witless camera describes.
For such the virtue of a kind of art
That should infinitesimals impart. ;
And as astronomers will sometimes scan
By photograph the moon, and find its "man,"
So here these single and these double "stars,"
To your research may grow problems of Mars,

From whence to solve a general ellipse—
 And understand these phases of eclipse,
 Eclipse of Slavery, the most profound
 That ever gloomed upon the planet's round.
 Some stars are fixed, and some are meteors—
 But brazen glittering of straps and spurs :
 And one star—proud be Mitchel's epitaph—
 Faintly reflected in this photograph,
 Has been translated to the upper stars
 Above the ecliptic of the earth and Mars.

So while I furnish you a face, or tree,
 Or flower, your Cuvier sagacity
 Will join the parts, to Cuvier's desire,
 A "bird's eye view," good as the bird entire.

Forsooth my camera in Dixie's land
 Ought not to lack collodion at hand.
 If but the Muse's ether could sublime
 A Staple so combustive in this clime,
 However, should you chance upon a blur,
 Whatever fault shall anywhere occur,
 This "negative" excuse the error hath—
 Charge "positive" mistakes upon the bath ;
 For by manipulation in the field,
 A clear result is difficult to yield—
 And please remember that photography
 Herself confesses such a "process"—"*dry*."

I.

A Major-General, as good as brave,
 Whose soldiers style him lovingly "black Dave,"
 An old Castilian Don, of sturdy frame,
 Beneath whose shaggy eyebrows, like a flame,
 Twin lustres glisten, with a living light—
 A Double Star and beacon for the right,
 That did not tamely tarry to reflect
 The tardy light of Congress, to protect
 The withering leaf of stricken liberty,
 But threw away the sheath of slavery,
 And waved that sword his comrades feared to
 draw
 For the divine above the human law.
 Yes, HUNTER's star gleams with the light of hea-
 ven,
 His brand tipt with vengeant thunder-levin
 To become Excalibur, whereby
 Alone the Nation will its fate defy.
 The truth, the truth, the truth alone is great
 To break or build, destroy or save a state,

And who strikes for the right against the wrong.
Strikes ever even for himself as strong;
For let this be the motto of the wise,
My own rights and my neighbor's sympathize,
By granting whose forever guard my own—
Equality is Justice' corner-stone.
So Hunter stands the Hero of the fight,
And universal Freedom's champion-knight.

There is a courage mightier than his
Who whistles reckless of the bullet's whiz,
And men storm forts, without the fortitude
To brave the canon of a critic's mood,
Saltpetre palling less than prejudice,
And *on dit* daunting more than death or Dis.
Now note that scar, and mark a gallant sign
How one brow blenched not in the battle line,
When Bull Run's bloody banners blushed the
shame

That choked the patriot for others' blame.
Yet bolder still upon a later day,
The sturdy Standish of a moral fray,
Alone against the legions of the league
Of Slavery's idolatrous intrigue,
As erst the Hebrew David, when the king
Himself stood quaking, pebble in a sling

And not by wooing but defying, won—
A triumph that no other has outdone,
Speaking a word that like an angel's broke
The spell of Satan and the bondman's yoke.

His head upon his shoulders, like the rock
At Stonehenge, equipoised, shakes to the shock
Of energy, not age ; and there's a tone
Of smothered tempest in the lisping stone.
Reserved of mien, yet courteous and kind,
Read in his face the features of his mind ;
Composed as confident of master-skill
To wield war's bristling dragon-teeth at will,
And conscious of authority as proud
As aught to which Satrapic empires bowed ;
As mild and modest-mannered as a maid,
This lion in repose, so still and staid,
Yet knows his mere "request" is a command
That wo to any that shall dare withstand.

Not more relentlessly the vine-clad rock
 Scatters the billow's too presumptuous shock,
 And rolls it startled back upon the tide,
 Than he rebukes neglect and vicious pride.

A just God-fearing man, on each Lord's day
 The simple-hearted soldier goes to pray.
 How poor soe'er the altar, plain the priest,
 The duty of the act but thus increased,
 And every night before he shuts his eyes
 He cons that volume fools alone despise.

So stands the Hero at the fatal gate
 Whence leaps the yelling leash of rebel hate—
 Hell-hounds of Slavery — back into whose
 womb

This hunter's Hunter smites the dogs to doom.
 And when at last the wounded peace is won
 Whose breath will clear this battle-clouded
 sun,

A star, whose lustre the dispelling day
 Night disenchanting shall not daze away,
 A Nation's love shall astrolate his name
 Who helped to blot away his Country's shame.

II.

And next adorned with such a wealth of lace
 As must confound a less heroic face,
 As bluff a brow and well a balanced head
 As ever any ocean prince bestead,
 The very elements revere his eye
 Of deep-withdrawn defiant mystery,
 And over covert like a thunder-fringe,
 Dark beetling storm-rift with a silver tinge.
 It is a dauntless, tempest daring front,
 Our Navy's glory, ADMIRAL DUPONT.

His noble soul too throbs responsively
 To truth and universal liberty.
 Though thoughtlessly at first he let the sin
 Of that dark age, now past forever, spin
 Its web about him—worship of a crime
 That had at least the guarantee of Time ;
 Yet when at last his faithful eye beheld
 The blackness of the darkness that had spelled
 The cotton isles, as never having dreamed
 The very worst could be so unredeemed,

Shocked and aghast at such a loathly sight,
 The horror of a Moloch turned to light,
 He vows himself to the divine crusade,
 And thenceforth 'gainst the Idol drew his blade.

Our Nation's Nelson, noble his reward,
 Whose guns "waltzed down" the "Twins of
 Beauregard,"

And built yon cordon round the rebel coast
 With white-winged frigates like a famine-ghost.
 No mightier marine upon the wave—
 Each deft to carve a Merrimac a grave,
 And which a storm-king could alone subdue—
 Montauk, Weehawken—let their fame renew—
 Patapsco, Catskill, and Nantucket bold—
 With weird Passaic and Nahant, all told.
 Nay, let the luckless Keokuk complete,
 With Ironsides, the most tremendous fleet
 That ever leaped mailed chrysalids of war,
 And over all Dupont their Monitor!

I saw them brave the very jaws of hell,
 That time Cerberian Sumter's thunder fell,
 When nothing but a mail of heart sublime,
 Tempered by heat of a heroic time,
 Could brook those horrible doom-fangs of steel,
 Whose very shriek made the rent senses reel.

O Liberty ! preserve thy champion,
 Thank God who has restored thee to the sun.
 Thy years are honors that have nobly earned
 The respite otherwise thou wouldst have spurned,
 And as thou hast been true to the great cause,
 Not lust but liberty, not license, laws,
 A Puritan against the Cavalier,
 Plymouth to Beaufort, Ironsides to peer,
 Be thine the fame with Hunter to have stood,
 Thy sole ambition for thy country's good.

III.

This earnest face and eager eye declare
 A soul devoted to religious care.
 SAXTON his title, Saxon is his stock,
 Son of a pioneer of Plymouth Rock.
 A sober, simple, unassuming man—
 His sole ambition to assist the plan,
 To smite the despot and set free the slave,
 His country's life and destiny to save ;
 Another star, whose freedom-kindled ray
 Beams a reflection of the coming day ;

A knight of holiness, who dares to don
 And wield the Sword of God and Gideon ;
 Elect of mercy's providence divine
 The first right Governor of Caroline.

I V.

Next, for the sake of a variety,
 My servant—though you deem *Photography*
 Burlesqued upon a character so *dark*—
 Yet what is human nature but a spark
 Of common nature, be it less or more,
 The *lightest* literature should not ignore.
 And whose the vision of the Oversoul,
 One face above another to extol ?
 Spirits have no complexion that I know,
 Though Davis and his master tell me so.
 At least poor DICK, though black shall yet be
 white,
 As sure as Heaven's is that purer light
 Wherein I fain would set a camera
 With lens to represent a "higher law."

And there are tales that if they could be told
 About these poor black things would make you
 hold

Your breath in admiration. What!—you smile?
 But tell me, do you tire to walk a mile,
 Upon a straight path, o'er an open plain?
 And who, when asked, consents to go the
 “twain”?

Now Dick has traversed hundreds, over fen
 And field, evading armed men.
 But you are strong and buoyant with a spring
 Of hope and merry fancy on the wing,
 And you are educated in the lore
 Of life, its value, this and that before,
 And thus are greater than yourself by all
 The wiser past, your future to forestall;
 While Dick's gaunt body, bowed by fifty years,
 His very childhood but a vale of tears,
 Has never had a hope that was not dark,
 The shadow of your own—God save the mark!
 And he has never learned from book that spell
 To ope the seven seals of miracle
 In life and nature, and the mystic scroll
 Of wierder mystery in his own soul.
 Yet deathless youth—is not the hero's so?—
 Aspiring wiser than itself can know,

Leads poor Dick's limbs, lean from a lack of food,
 And sapped by labor's overtasked exude—
 His aged limbs, and if forsooth we count
 His years by trouble, double the amount—
 To seek he knew not what—we always know?
 Yet thereby are not heroes, are we?—so,
 Dick rising up flees with his family,
 From Pocotaligo toward the sea;
 For there has crept a rumor that a host
 Of conquering Northmen camp upon the coast,
 Before whose banner, bright with Freedom's
 stars,

The South are cowering behind their “bars.”
 There shall the shackles of the bondman fall,
 With liberty and peace alike to all;

But all too weak to keep pace with the rest,
 Alone, a captive back to prison prest
 In Charleston and thence to Secessionville,
 Upon the batteries, against his will
 Employed, he waits his opportunity,
 And robs his lords of his own liberty.

Poor quaint old Dick, submissive as a child,
 To any kind of fortune reconciled,
 So full of such a curious gratitude,
 As if kind words were some strange, insidious
 food;

Unlearned, yet full of wiser charity
 Than most who ought to be more wise than thee—
 It is as strange as inspiration—why
 So very tender of that bitter tie
 Between thy tyrant master and thyself,
 A master whose sole deity is pelf,
 And with a daily incense of abuse,
 Of lash and lust—hell playing fast and loose—
 A robbed and starved and beaten sufferer,
 Still wilt thou thus to righteous wrath demur—
 “Poor massa know’d no better!”—Son of God!
 Returning boon for bane to kiss the rod?
 Unlearned, indeed, yet Heaven only knows
 From whence thy soul has caught each strain
 and close

Of many a hymn of Christian faith and hope,
 To each of which thy little book will ope,
 Reciting, “Jesus, Lover of my soul,”
 As if thy spectacles construed the scroll,
 Although the volume, if turned upside down,
 Serves thee as well from bottom as from crown.
 I see thee pore upon thy primer there
 Tense as if time had never touched a hair,
 And tireless toiling under double blur
 Of film and glass to pierce Truth’s barrier.

Devoted Dick, thou art a type to me
 Of all thy race late called to Liberty,
 So tractable, and diligent, and kind,
 True soil of Christianity thy mind,
 Unlike the Indian, so prone to roam,
 Domestic, clinging to the humblest home,
 Surely thou art not vain to elevate
 To independent sovranity of state,
 That, intellective of a will divine,
 Love's prayerful practices must yet refine.

V .

Another *Skiagraph*, and though they call
 Him by his master's title, ROBERT SMALL,
 Rightly by Nature's standard both to rate,
 But one at least is *small*, the other *great*.
 And though by stature small, a steady eye
 To ocular illusion gives the lie,
 And with heroic, fate-defying glance,
 Speaks soul superior to circumstance.

And Robert, doomed to bondage from the
 womb,
 Finds life a cradle shapen for a tomb.
 The very ties of nature but a chain
 Of heart chords, fettered to a tangled brain,
 His spirit curtained, cunning tyranny,
 Lest some light penetrate from liberty,
 A vain and foolish tyrant, not to know
 That freedom rides the very airs that blow,
 The very constitution of the soul
 A magnet instinct to its native pole.
 Sin-blinded confidence, itself beside,
 And overleaping self like suicide,
 Ignoring truth self-study could have taught,
 Lets worldly wisdom even grow distraught,
 And wanders wanton through absurdity
 Of pride almost too vain for blasphemy.
 A fool, a double fool, a fool intense,
 A fool in God's and in the devil's sense,
 For so the Tempter leads the fool astray,
 Forever bantering but to betray,
 And so it chanced he did this fool deceive,
 The pilot Robert by himself to leave,
 As though the "Planter's" were a spell so great.
 His wooden namesake ruled its helmsman's fate.

Through bristling batteries, adown the bay,
 The "Governor's Dispatch Boat" on its way,
 Unwatched, unheeded, an accustomed sight,
 Past Johnson, Moultrie, Sumter, speeds its flight,
 Sleep, thunder-throated sentinels of doom !
 God bids ye sleep, while from a living tomb
 Your resurrected victim leaps to flight—
 And angels chant hosannas at the sight !

V I.

The next is GENERAL SEYMOUR's photograph,
 Chief of Artillery and Chief of Staff
 To Hunter once, and from a noted school,
 That sends some heroes, now and then a fool ;
 One of the gallant band of Anderson,
 Who flamed hot protest from each throbbing gun
 Till stunned to see that spectacle of dearth
 When Freedom's Stars descended on the hearth
 Of charity and peace to blare and start
 A hell of arson in the civil heart.
 O agony ! Yet courage, Liberty,
 Thy God bleeds with thee in Gethsemane,

And grief's a glory that must yet elate
 A more exceeding and eternal weight.
 Trust Love from wrath forever to wreak praise,
 Whose Father is the Ancient of Days.
 And teach thy champions sweet Liberty;
 How to win all by losing all for thee.
 Teach the self-seeker, if there be profane
 Enough to take thy holy name in vain,
 The self-denying only and the pure
 Safely can brandish Love's Excalibar,
 More terrible than venom is whose spell
 To such as fail to wield the weapon well.

VII.

It is the Sabbath, over burning sands
 Religiously to church the contrabands
 Obey the summons of the little bell,
 Whose echoes soft across the marish well,
 And from their tents, beyond the grim "stock-
 ade,"
 Lo, a detachment of the "Black Brigade,"

Unarmed, approach with military tread,
 In double file, white leaders at their head—
 They halt, they open ranks, then, as is due,
 Each enters to his proper place and pew.
 Behold, resplendent in a bright array,
 The sable damsels celebrate the day,
 And rudely typify, with flaunt and hue,
 The gorgeous tastes that tropic mind imbue,
 While here a patriarch with hoary fleece,
 Beams through his spectacles a soul of peace,
 Unconscious of the reckless urchin by,
 A hope unknown to grandsire in his eye.
 But O, most notable of all, and sad
 Enough to make the mildest Christian mad
 For vengeance on so horrible a shame
 To human nature and its very name,
 Behold her shrinking 'mong her sisters there,
 A maid with *light blue eyes and Saxon hair!*
 Light on her forehead but a deeper stain
 Instincts without their honor, pride and pain.
 And white is white, and black is honest black,
 But this, O pitiful! is double lack,
 A staring infamy, a bright disgrace,
 A livid loathing, where charms but deface.
 Curse on the crime that made *again to mar,*
 Can such flout heaven and not flame to war?

O yes, accursed liar, it is well
To smile like heaven, but to smell of hell !
And talk of Freedom, miscreant, belie
The blessed word for which the martyrs die.
Your "liberty" means license—"let alone"
To mock your father's grief, your grandsire's
groan.

And as the hymn of gratitude ascends,
No knee but only to its Maker bends,
Nor longer worship of the cotton boll

Revels the fetish of the fettered soul.

Abram, thou faithful servant of the flock,
Thy Savior will not for thy color mock.
For though we smile, God stoops to hear thee
pray

To "Alpha, Mena, and obigena,"
Thy spirit right, what if thy speech be not?
Pure piety need not be polyglot.
And there's a language in thy look and tone
That needs no lexicon but love alone.
Yes, tell us of the "brazen serpent's" spell,
Late from the wilderness thou teachest well.
What healed the venom of the stinging thong?
O hark Gethsemane's immortal song!
And now when Freedom lifts her blessed sign,
O tell us of her promises divine;
How often in thine agonizing prayer
Was felt her spirit with thy spirit there,
And a bright hope—at last so sweetly blest!
And thus forever faith shall end in rest!
God grant whoever is in danger yet,
His eyes upon the "brazen serpent" set,
God grant religion and sweet liberty
Be "lifted up," and all men to it flee.

Yes, ABRAM MURCHESON, by will left free
For having nursed his master faithfully,

The widow and her brother burn the proof,
 And sell their "chattel" to a stranger's roof,
 Where, bruised too bitterly, he bursts his chain,
 Flees from Savannah to its foes amain,
 And finds delight he never knew before,
 Home, hope, and freedom on a foreign shore.

VIII.

The Black Brigade forestalls the photograph
 Of a young Colonel upon Hunter's staff—
 The rest need not be shown—if such their kind.
 One representative enough to find—
 Who first assisted his experiment
 So promising at last—to which intent
 The General, when questioned, gave response
 In this provoking, smiling nonchalance :

" 'Tis not a regiment of fugitives
 About which Mr. Wickliffe's mind misgives,
 But men, from whom their masters fled away,
 When loyal vengeance thundered up the bay,
 And thus of course entitled to pursue
 And to recover but their honest due,

Whom having been empowered here to hire
 With any sort of *tools* that I desire,
 And having found them useful with the spade,
 I've thought to try the military trade ;
 And find them very well adapted too,
 Indeed white soldiers could not better do.
 Besides, they're acclimated, and they know
 Each cunning by-path by which rebels go.
 In fact I am so fully satisfied
 With the experiment that I have tried,
 I trust to soon present the Government
 With *fifty times* my first Black Regiment."

And so each day beneath the burning sun
 Camp Drayton saw the Colonel's duty done,
 Till grateful history at last divines
 A loyal regiment of Carolines.

A gentle son of gentlemanly sire,
 This youthful Colonel is one to admire,
 And well illustrates the unnatural
 Occasion that such gentleness could call
 From peace, and the pursuits of civil life,
 To active part upon the stage of strife,
 And honor him for this among the van,
 The soldier never sinks the gentleman.
 Too many severed from their social ties,
 Don uniforms like masquerade disguise

To ape Bombastes, as if battle sends
 Its heroes first to practice on their friends.
 I saw him once, when shattered by a fall,
 A comrade rode an ambulance to call.
 Whereat, though racked with agony intense,
 Yet, conscious of his gentlemanly sense,
 Forcing apart his pain-closed lips he spake,
 More mindful of politeness than his ache.—
 And such the nature of true courtesy,
 Than which I know no fairer sight to see,
 For 'tis a thing of spirit, not of sense,
 And sways the world to divine influence.
 Above all else it scorns to tell a lie,
 And courtier, insulting mockery,
 With sycophantic, sibillating grace,
 About the coveted purlieus of place,
 It shuns instinctive, with a simpler suit,
 As man to man alone accepts salute ;
 And as a man, the lowliest no less,
 Entitled to a complaisant address,
 In answer to this talismanic spell,
 Becomes himself a gentleman as well.

War, an inversion of the *civil* state,
 Warps kindly custom to a code of hate ;
 And grading love degrades it, saps its leaven—
 Rank's offence too often "smells to heaven."

And yet wherefore must a "shoulder-strap"
 So tort the nature of a simple chap,
 That straightway in his social intercourse
 He must repeat the manners of his horse,
 And whinney, caper, caracole and kick
 With airs enough to make a jockey sick?
 War has no virtue if it do not start
 A better circulation of the heart,
 Phlebotomize conceit and flay the fool,
 And put first principles again to school.
 When crime and vanity are driven hence,
 The code of war must yield to common sense,
 And "man and brother," grown a settled phrase,
 Shall banish military popinjays.
 For war, unnatural, disorders life,
 Electrifies all elements to strife,
 Unsettles thought, excites destructiveness,
 Good never, though it be the evil less,
 God haste the time when *gallowscraft* shall cease.
 With all insignia of sin-disease,
 And souls of gentle instinct unmolested
 May radiate upon a sphere of rest.

And yet, however we shall war lament—
 The sad necessity wherefor 'tis sent—
 Right where it seems to end again begun,
 Heaven breeds honey in the skeleton.

For what a wealth of nobleness is found
 When Hate's artesian auger bores the ground
 To the mysterious teeming arteries,
 Whose fountains are the everlasting seas !
 Through drouth and dearth of long prosperity
 The very continents grown parched and dry,
 And ah, the summits that are sun-kist most
 The first to prove their springs of passion lost,
 And faith and fortitude in last despair,
 Their hope exhaling in the burning air—
 Smite with thy steel, O Prophet of the Time !
 The world's foundation to its deep sublime,
 And prove that evermore beneath the crust
 The will of God's a never-failing trust !
 For well was heroism said to be
 Akin to heavenly philanthropy.*
 The trump of Mars, a resurrective spell,
 Evokes the worldling from his foetid cell,
 And noisome silk-worms, from the pents of pelf,
 Like chrysalises from cocoons of self.
 Instinct returns into the hearts of men,
 And slighted truth into regard again.
 The lying court no longer cheat and rail,
 For Arthur's up and hunts the Holy Grail !

* Shaftesbury.

O let the youth into whose hands shall fall
 The State their sires are bleeding to install,
 Remember to avoid the errors rife
 That wrecked our quiet and betrayed to strife ;
 Nor longer let the principled and just
 Shirk Freedom's duties and the Public Trust.
 For can they rightly judge the ballot-box
 Whose "fraud" but their own recreancy mocks,
 Who ought at least have leavened with their
 own,

Truth and devoted spirit to atone ?
 For "universal franchise" needs to be,
 Indeed must *universal* to be *free* ;
 And *leave* the ballot to the "baser sort,"
 Of course its liberty will prove abort,
 For "primary elections rule the state"—
 Then *go yourself*—chicanery checkmate !
 The *good* forever is the stronger part
 If but its friends will take it unto heart,
 And note the lesson of the fabled frog
 Who fretted self-control into a *log*.
 'The "Genius of Humanity" is best,
 And Heavenward "Destiny" *is* "manifest."

But when the tumult of the war is done,
 And Freedom's blood with fresher pulse shall
 run,

Homesick for peace society shall start
 A nobler energy of mind and heart.
 Lo spirits melted in the furnace blast
 Shall straightway into better moulds be cast,
 The arts of war shall yield to arts of peace,
 And all reviving hail a glad release ;
 The Church shall brush the cobwebs from the
 PYX,

The State shall purify its politics,
 Truth shall return with a distincter gleam,
 The dream millennium seem less a dream,
 The Nation, taught by suffering to know
 Itself, true charity receive and show ;
 And friends of Freedom throughout all the earth,
 Shall cry all hail to the New Era's birth,
 When Slavery, the body of a death,
 No more shall sap a generous nation's breath ;
 Again that spectacle, with lustre new,
 To startle time, with its example true,
 Of how a State can work its joints to ply
 All offices in perfect sympathy.
 The general and local interest
 In perfect complement together blest,
 A series of concurrent sovereignty,
 Town, County, State, Briarean Unity,
 Expanding wide a multiple of power,

With love-tipt fingers, brightest boon to shower
 On all alike, white, black, and shades between—
 The mystic stone is found, the Golden Mean !

Battles are not the crises that divine—
 Defeat nor triumph—the dividing line.
 Where ought the problems of the typic strife
 Between the Periwig and Roundhead rife,
 Be solved if not upon the very spot
 Where first the Cavalier transfers his lot
 Of oligarchic feudal polity ;
 Offshoot of effete aristocracy
 Pitted against the seed of Plymouth Rock,
 The Code of love against the Code of Locke,
 Freedom and Slavery in one last embrace,
 And fatal death-grip gasping face to face ?

Where ought we to expect to find the slave
 First resurrected from his living grave,
 And taught to arm himself in self-defence,
 And educated to the novel sense
 Of liberty to know his equal right,
 Though blackest black with whitest of the white,
 But where the grateful friend of freedom saw
 The bondman's right just claimed by " Martial
 law"—

That match that lighted the Columbiad,
 A " proclamation " for its cannon-wad—

Next heard that watchword spoken from the heart
 Of contest—"arm the blacks"—an echo start
 Quick at whose sound, the country leaps to aid,
 Brigade succeeding everywhere brigade.
 Nay, still the negro's right to equal place
 Obstructed as of an inferior race,
 Thwarted and cheated in his humblest claims,
 In vain to talk to him of higher aims,
 For thirty days, lo here, the armed patrol
 With drums parade a culprit with this scroll—
 Read.—"This man has been mean enough to
 steal

A negro's pittance"—notable appeal!
 Down prejudice, and patriot for shame!
 Is freedom Justice or an empty name?
 Again—a ship from Ancient Augustine,
 With parasitic spitfires, full of spleen,
 Distilled from army rations, venom'd drones,
 You give them bread, get serpents, fishes stones.
 "Send them across the lines" and cut them off—
 What feed at our expense at whom they scoff!
 The rotten reeking animalculae
 And vermined vinegar of Slavery!
 Yes, let the President, with smooth salaam,
 Present the South its own Vallandigham,
 The "Copperhead" to mate the "rattle snake,"

Together destined for the burning lake.
 The ghastly prodigies of double dearth
 Wreathing the camp and writhing on the
 hearth—

Scotch them and out upon the maudlin tear
 Would drip upon a *double Traitor's bier* !

God grant it be impossible this strife
 Can cease till Slavery yields its life.

Better the springs run crimson to the sea
 Draining each drop from every artery
 Of treason, better purse and pulse be sapped,
 Than lust in love be any longer lapt.

Down with the "Peace Party"—let no truce be
 To truculent intrusive treachery,

And let all earnest youth knit heart and brain
 For God and Freedom till the Foe is slain.

Lastly this letter from that General
 Of freedom's friends the first and last of all ;

 "Davis, our banner guards both white and
 black.

For each then that you slay or fetter back
 To bondage, worse a thousand fold than death,
 Yours man for man, shall answer with a breath,
 And God shall put upon your guilty head
 The dreadful burden of the blood thus shed.

Again you say the white men we employ
 To arm the blacks your vengeance shall destroy.
 You've pondered on this folly long enough,
 And now I say to you, retract this stuff,
 Or every rebel officer and wretch
 Claiming a slave that I hereafter catch,
 Shall *hang*. So Providence designs to prick
 Its sleeping friends and rouse them to the quick.

Who fights for freedom in the truest sense,
 Is he who fights in his own self-defence,
 A cause that man whose name *you* falsely bear
 Great *Jefferson* so greatly could declare—
 “No attribute of God can countervail,
 And who fights freedom doth God's throne as-
 sail,”

But you, forsooth, *you* fight for “freedom,” too?
 Oh yes, to bind four millions in a slough
 Of degradation—liberty to part
 Parent and child, and break a mother's heart,
 To steal her sweat and lash it to make more,
 Yes, liberty to use her for a whore—
 And, damndest crime before or since the flood,
 Next barter from the block your flesh and
 blood—

Nay, liberty to take your bastard's life
 Without white testimony to your knife.

Such liberty, the liberty of Hell,
 The first Great Traitor fought for—*and he fell!*
 I have the honor, sir, with such intent
 To sign myself your most obedient.”

“Like Luther’s “*kan nicht ander*” to the See
 Such words are mightier than victory.
 God help him, and God help the world to aid
 The last “*Mayflower*” seed from Upas shade.

Where strife began, and where the tempest
 rose,

Here at the last its wild career will close,
 Bringing a time when this bright land shall be
 The lasting summer home of liberty,
 Where beauty, never beauty without soul,
 The gayest blossom without odor-dole,
 The Rose of Beaufort shall wear double spell,
 And freedom’s fragrance sweet about it dwell,
 And Love and Beauty so united be,
 Twice beautiful and lovely—*Liberty!*

I X .

When "Hilton Head" was cleft from Pinckney's Isle,
 Making the severed "Head" a skull to style,
 The stream that severed it thereby became
 "Skull Creek," and still to-day retains the
 name—

Across which and above yon rocky shoal—
 You see it where the billows whiter roll—
 Once stood a stately mansion, wreathed around
 With laurel, oak, magnolia, blossom-crowned.
 Orange, palmetto, cedar, "sailing pine,"
 Afar reflected in the conscious brine,
 While rose and lily and a thousand blooms
 Of rare and tropic birth distilled perfumes,
 And fairer still this fair-girt home within,
 Teeming with every delight to win
 To ease and art—rare pictures, books and more,
 The secrets of the laboratory's store,
 Where Alchemy could chase the wizard themes
 Of her alembic and alcanor dreams—
 Lo! here a hero of our Nation's first

Great Revolution vividly rehearsed
 Such thrilling tales as one alone could tell
 Who had himself his stories shared so well—
 A war for Freedom—reckless all the while
 About him reeked a bondage twice as vile!

'Twas night—September—when an awful gale,
 Such as is wont these regions to assail,
 With hiss and crash, and wild tornado-rush
 Of God's breath, gorged with a sea-drunken
 gush

Of sky, blind-staggering midst shrieking spoom,
 Whelms garden, grove, and mansion in a doom
 Of deluge, swallowing the very ground
 Beneath them—nothing in the morning found
 Of all that ravishment of luxury
 But a wild revelry of mocking sea.

Proud Southron, thus was all thy glory vain
 Only to dignify a prophet's strain—
 Shall man vaunt liberty to wield the rod,
 Blaspheme the image and the soul of God?
 Behold he answers, wild tornados strew
 The sea with wrecks—" *His whirlwinds answer*
 No !"

But reckless even yet behold a blast
 Of wilder wrath over the wretch has past,
 And one day as I rode, what should I find

But this old father and his son stone blind,
Tattered and lean, and with a broken will
Too weak for labor grinding at the mill.

“Who loves thee?” “No one,” answering for-
lorn,

“I’m good for nothing but to grind the corn.”

Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, Heaven be thy
Judge,

These thine own victims bore to thee no grudge.
Yet thou hadst robbed them, mocking liberty—
From *Abraham’s bosom* now they pity thee!

X.

MITCHEL, I may not look upon thy light,
Mine is no camera thy ray to unite.
Doubly devoted, who could doubt the love
That called thee from thy converse there above
To stifle in this atmosphere of earth,
Empyrean inclining to our dearth?
The stars of God are thine, how couldst thou then
Be thought to emulate the stars of men?

Nay, thou thyself our gift to glorify,
 Outrivalling our generosity,
 Quick at thy country's peril, noble heart,
 In freedom's sky to take a higher part,
 Behold, thy fame shall burn forever bright
 In two skies, earth's and liberty's, the light
 Of one, indeed, scroll-like to roll away,
 The other brighter to the Golden Day.
 But when *ad astra* man his best had given,
 Lo, God set thee 'mong stars of heaven
 And behold where the bright lustre paled,
 Behold the spot where Mitchel's soul exhaled,
 Wafted aloft upon the grateful prayers
 Of poor men sweeter than Elysian airs.
 Wise soul and kind, a genius full of love,
 The "genius loci" of his birth above,
 His liberty, with justly-balanced mind,
 But slavery till shared by all mankind,
 Enrolled among the noble table round
 Of our great *Honest* Arthur, truth-renowned,
 Atilt against old prejudice in mail
 He rode to ransom Freedom's Holy Grail.
 Let yonder village still repeat his name,
 Who dared too, to be just to humbler claim
 Of higher law than custom's "simple fee,"
 Just to the Equity of Equity.

How could'st thou die ! yet not for thee I weep,
 But for my country, that it could not keep
 The star of Mitchel for a guiding light,
 Through its long black and disappointing night.

XI.

What more ? the Mecca of the artist found,
 Behold at last the SOLDIERS' BURYING GROUND.
 How thick they lie ! O thus must fields be sown,
 With rich seeds of the Mayflower tempest-blown ?
 Has Heaven ordained the choicest seed to die—
 The mortal to don immortality ;
 The carnal to enrich thus first decay
 To breed a new and nobler from the clay,
 And so forever blood of martyrs be
 The only seed of blissful Liberty ?
 Hail to the mystery of Bethlehem,
 The *Red Cross* of the New Jerusalem !

The Red Cross, the Red Cross, spectre of flame,
 Flash over the people a ghost of their shame !

Ye seeds of the blood that once weltered your
manor

With martyr-stains still fresh on time's proud-
est banner,

By shuddering Lemur of Lexington,

By Bunker Hill's deathlessly pealing gun,

By barefooted-bloody tracked Valley Forge,

By gibbering graves in the mountain gorge,

By horns of the altar that sacredly looms

To king-hunted peoples from patriot tombs,

By liberty's passion and liberty's prayer,

By hope, and the holier rite of despair,

By guerdon of triumph, the guidon of time,

Up, rescue the prize of the past, from a crime

That seeks to betray your Excalibur brand

From Liberty's office to Slavery's hand,

Till Liberty's day-star, once Morn's beacon-
light,

Like Lucifer sink to an omen of night.

The Red Cross, the Red Cross, spectre, in
flame,

My people to vengeance, the vengeance of
shame !

Be this still the prayer of the patriot chief,

The glory of God, whatever man's grief ;

And breathe over camp, over court, and keep
pure

The warrior from lust and the statesman from
lure.

Great God! by the sweat of Gethsemane's
pang,

The shriek of the wrong that from Calvary
rang,

The Red Cross, the Red Cross, that rapturous
sign

That ever humanity's throe is divine,

From patriot sepulchres Freedom must rise,

Redeemer of Nations and Guide to the Skies !

Down with the wretch who cries that Washington
Is dead, who will not see great Jefferson

Still loom sublime upon the deck of state,

By *self-denial* daring to be great !

No, they are dead whose souls no longer thrill

To the grand impulse of that God-like will,

Who, battle-scarred and stained with bloody
sweat,

A halo of proud tears about him set,

When fondly palpitating gratitude

Prayed yet the boon to crown that loftihood

With angel-inspiration blest that crown
 By giving back to each who gave, his own !
 Aye, king of kings be he who taught his kind
 The noblest empire is the self-ruled mind.
 And, that divinest truth till then unknown,
 That Love is king, and Honor is his throne,—
 Who carved the lines for New Jerusalem,
 Each tower a temple and each stone a gem !
 O, noblest polity since time began,
 Christ to the State, Immanuel to man,
 Messiah-Union, God be still thy Guide,
 And every martyred angel on thy side,
 Thou *canst not* die, for *love can never die*,
Blood of our God, body of Liberty !

XII.

PANTOGRAPHY.

A Land of great first principles, a Goal
 Where Nature's laws are on their grandest
 scale.
 Twin mountain dykes defend one mighty vale,

Veined over with the vastest floods that roll
Into the teeming tropic from the pole,
 Debris of ploughshare and of golden schale,
And where the educated past repairs,
 From every tongue and people, sphere and
 clime,
To wed the future and beget the heirs
 Of all the glory of the coming time,
 That proudly lifts its portico sublime,
The royal destiny of him who dares
Be true to God and serve Him in affairs !

Live Oak.

MAGNIFICENT tree,
Over mountain and sea,
Sole monarch, the forests of each thy dominion,
Those that wave their tops
With a fondage of ropes,
And those, whose proud spars stem the coast Car-
olinian.

Let the tempest rave,
Thou art mighty to save,
The trepidant voyager trusting to thee,
And bending thine arm,
Dost buoy from harm,
Him breasting the billowy, bellowing sea.

Thou bindest the shores
 Of the Hyperbores
 To the radiant zone of the teeming Equator,
 And like an Afrite
 Of the Arabian Night,
 Bestridest the hurricane over the water.

O magical tree,
 There's no winter for thee,
 Never Boreal Sorcery blistered thy sheen,
 All the weather-cock year
 Thine unchangeable cheer
 Over shadow and shine, grass and glacier, green.

Representative tree,
 Ever typical be
 Of the soul and the spirit that quickens creation,
 Plant of deity,
 Lone liberty tree,
 Leal Evergreen Oak, *live American Nation !*

Palmetto.

SING to the wide
Palmetto's pride,
The boast of the Southern banner,
Evergreen blade
Over glebe and glade
The hope of the sunny manor.

Proof to the gale
Is its plaited mail,
And its sinewy armor under,
Mightily twist,
Its fibres to tryst,
With the shock of the battle's thunder.

For on a tide,
 When liberticide,
 The right of the freeman had smitten,
 Moultrie's grim maw,
 Oped his palmetto jaw,
 And swallowed the bolt of the Briton.

Then to the blade
 Never sun or shade,
 Dims sing to the weird magician,
 Endogen, lone
 Type of ages gone,
 Elixir-veined, lord patrician.

Obsolete forms,
 Millennial storms,
 The shades of the Upas shall sever,
 But wave the sheen
 Of this Evergreen,
True Chivalry's emblem forever !

Magnolia.

THERE is a blossom in the Southern land,
Majestic as the cadence of the Latin.
Companion of the oak its branches stand,
And its proud patines the serenest satin.

A spirit hallowing the amber night,
And softly answering the summer's kisses,
Its blossoms, each another satellite,
Reply to multiply Diana's blisses.

Sweet orange, white rose, rare camelia,
And splendid water-lily, all together

Dissolved in crystal of Castalia,
And tinct with snow-drops from the vernal
heather,

Quintescent, exquisite Magnolia,
Sweet heart of sweetness to a brain of splendor,
The glory of bright Flora's milky way,
Magnificence deliriously tender,

Thou art the prototype of a proud time
That even now mounts stained with blood from
Edom,
To crown Earth's bloom with the celestial clime
Of the millennial Igdrasil of Freedom.

Mater Rosarum.

GRAY.

Mother of Roses, delicate airs delight
Favonian, nay Venus herself attend
Thee glowing, choirs of ocean elves and
Caroly birds celebrate thy beauty.

SWEET Roses of Beaufort, I pass away,
But your bloom from my spirit can pass away
never,
A boon that is better than laurel bay,
A love that will live an elixir forever,
For borne on your pinions a spirit of peace
Flitted breathing a promise of feverless bowers,
Where passion and pain find immortal release,
And the Rose hides no thorn under cankerless
flowers.

Where all is delight, and the orange and vine
Vie sweetly yet vainly together, where never
The moons never wane, and the suns ever shine
Upon verdure and blossom and fruitage forever,

And souls of the past at your magic began
 Over every page of my volume to hover,
 I listened again to the piping of Pan,
 And the bees again humming in Helicon's clo-
 ver.

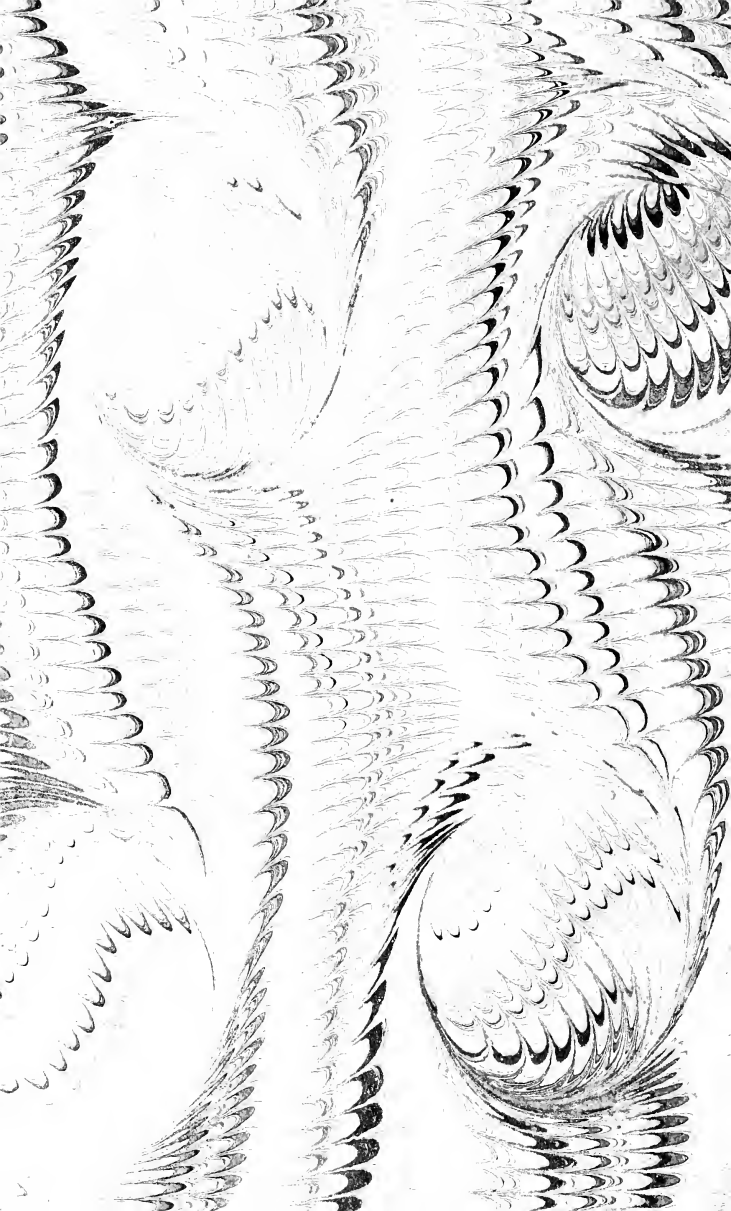
And sages of eld, your transfiguring love
 To my vision revealed in a vista of glory,
 Till fondly to foster the fancies you wove,
 I trusted your sweet Rosicrucian story,
 And slumbering, dreamed that the Rose was a
 Queen,
 And her darling dominion an Isle of Apollo,
 When Dryope leaped from her column of green,
 In your train at the spell of his tortoise to fol-
 low.

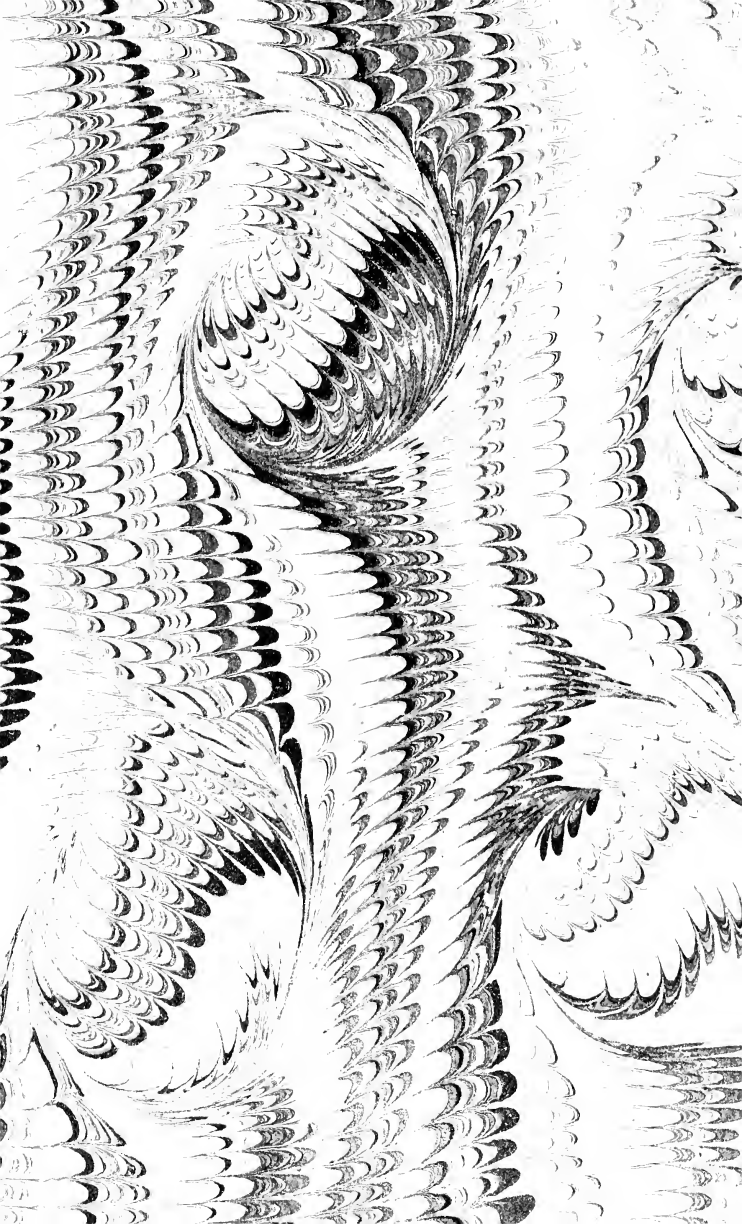
Then roused but to glide into vision again,
 I saw Prospero's Isle and its Spirit of Beauty,
 The angels rewarding whose kindness to men
 Had changed to a Rose, sweetly sealing its
 duty.

And who will deny that the Rose is a soul,
 For its purity, grace for its love and its power,
 Commissioned to Earth, sent to tempt to the goal
 And to scatter the desert with heavenly flower ?

Sweet Roses of Beaufort, the whirlwind of war,
 And tornado of battle now bursting around
 you,
 God loving his own sweetly anchors afar,
 Never bolt of the blistering thunder to wound
 you,
 For Heaven avenging the Bowers of Peace,
 From Eden polluting rebellion hath driven,
 And flaming around waves His symbol that frees
 From the Serpent forever the Roses of Heaven !







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